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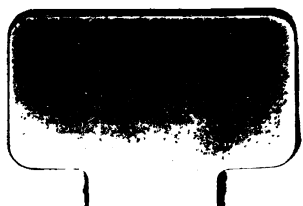
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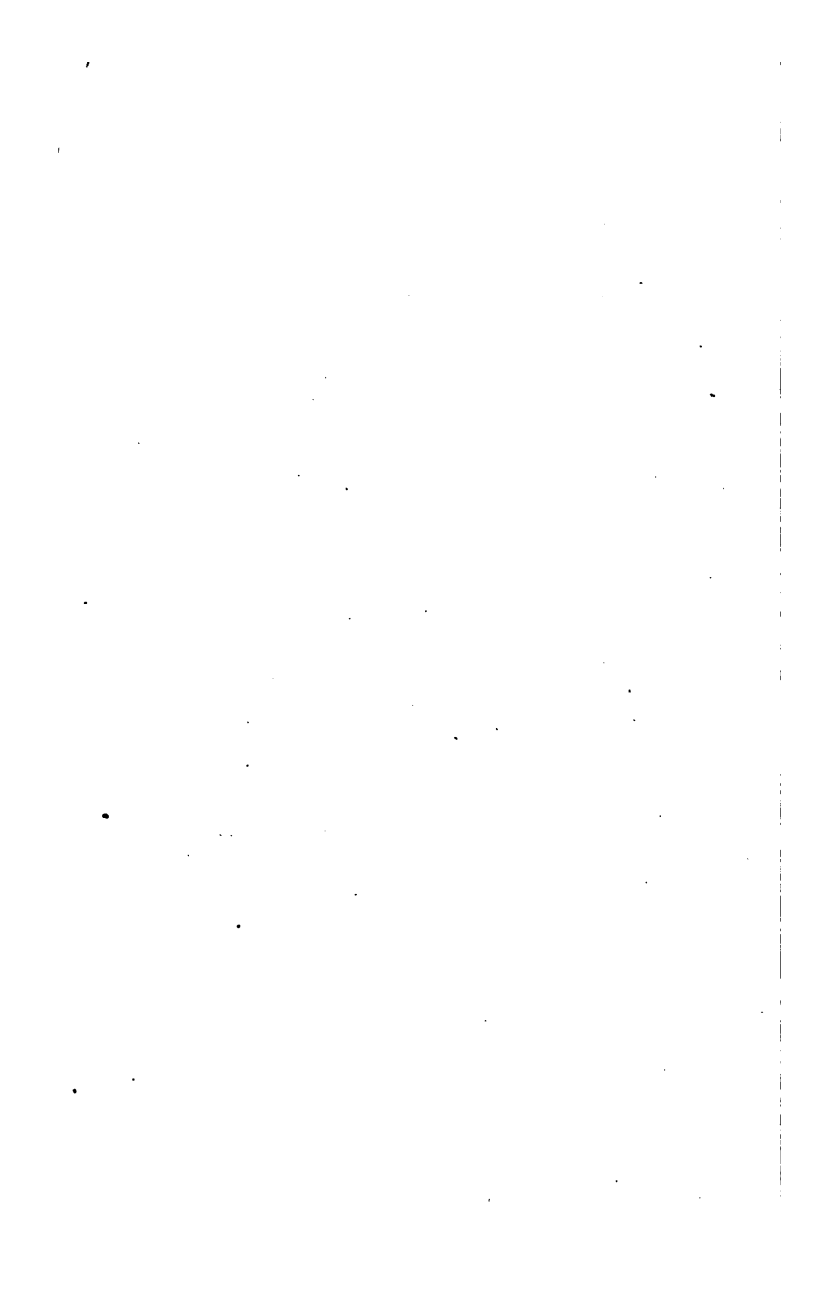
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A
SELECTION
OF
Psalms and Hymns,

FOR THE
USE OF THE CONGREGATION

OF
The Parish Church,

BROMSGROVE.



"Sing ye praises with understanding."

BROMSGROVE : PRINTED BY MAUND AND PALMER.
1852.

147. cl. 238.

—
ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.
—

Preface.

A reprint of the Collection of Psalms and Hymns at present in use in the Parish Church being required, it seems a proper opportunity for substituting a New Selection, as the old one has, I believe, been long and generally felt to be, in many essential respects, greatly defective.

With the view, therefore, of promoting a very delightful and important part of Public Worship, by supplying appropriate matter for Congregational Psalmody, I have prepared the following Selection, and no pains have been spared to render it such as every devout member of the Congregation may use with edification and pleasure.

The Psalms are selected from the New Version, and great care has been taken in every instance to preserve the sense of the Original.

My object has been to make each extract a proper whole in itself, and to introduce nothing but what a Congregation of Christians may appropriate to themselves, and utter in their own persons, to the praise and glory of God. For this purpose, as will be found, the verses are not always taken in their consecutive order, but such only are selected as have a reference, more or less direct, to the subject-matter of the Psalm, as denoted by the short title placed at its head. This was necessary, inasmuch as it is frequently found, that in the space of one Psalm,

several distinct subjects are introduced, and some of them are taken from events and circumstances in the history of David, of so peculiar and exclusive a nature, that the sentiments they express can scarcely be applied by a member of the Church at the present day.

The Hymns have been collected from various sources; and though this Selection is, for obvious reasons, necessarily limited, it is hoped and believed, that a sufficient variety will be found for all the purposes of Public Worship, and that ample provision has been made for the principal Festivals of the Church, and for such other occasions of periodical recurrence as are usually observed by our Congregations.

Some persons have objected to the introduction of Hymns into Public worship as being unauthorized and irregular; but the injunction of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1559, which still remains unrevoked, certainly affords some discretionary power, and latitude of selection; and, until our Church can boast of a standard Book of Christian Psalmody, set forth by her Spiritual Authorities, and recognized by her Temporal Governors, each individual Minister seems to be at liberty to make such a provision for this part of divine service as, at the same time that it is in strict accordance with the Word of God, and the Liturgy and Articles of our Church, is best adapted to the taste and habits, the intellectual and spiritual attainments, of the Congregation over which he is called to preside.

In the absence of some such authorized Manual, the present Selection is commended to the adoption of my fellow-worshippers, in the earnest hope that, by God's help and blessing, it may be the means of enabling them to "sing with the spirit, and to sing with the understanding also," and that it may be blest to the comfort and edification of those for whose use it has been prepared.

W. VILLERS.

VICARAGE,
BROMSGROVE;
1852.

SELECTION.

PART I.

The Psalms.

PSALM 1.

*The blessedness of the righteous, and the end of the
ungodly.*

How blest is he who ne'er hath lent
To wicked men his ear ;
Nor trod in sinful paths, nor sat
The scorner's voice to hear.

But makes the will and word of God
His study and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

For he shall prosper like a tree
Planted the waters nigh ;
Whose boughs, unwithering, in due time
Their plenteous fruit supply.

For God approves the good man's ways,
To happiness they tend ;
But all the paths that sinner's tread,
In sure destruction end.

PSALM 3.

The righteous secure in God's protection.

THOU, O great God, art my defence,
 On Thee my hopes rely ;
 Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
 Lift up my head on high.

For whenso'er, in my distress,
 I called upon thy name,
 Out of thy holy mount, the voice
 Of answering mercy came.

Secure in thy protecting care
 I laid me down and slept ;
 I rose in safety, for my God
 His watch around me kept.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
 He only can defend ;
 His blessing He extends to all
 Who on his power depend.



PSALM 4.

Self-communion and trust in God.

CONSIDER that the righteous man
 Is God's peculiar choice,
 And when to him he makes his prayer,
 He always hears his voice.

Then stand in awe before the Lord,
 From sinful ways depart ;
 And in your chamber, secretly,
 Examine well your heart.

While worldly men on earthly store
 Their hopes and wishes place,
 Grant me, O Lord, thy countenance,
 Thy favour, and thy grace.

Then peacefully I'll take my rest,
 Secure, since Thou art near ;
 With thy protecting presence blest,
 We've nothing, Lord, to fear.



PSALM 5.

Prayer, public and private, the resource of the faithful.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
 Accept my secret prayer ;
 To Thee alone, my King and God,
 Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
 And with returning day,
 To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To Thee devoutly pray.

To thy loved courts I will repair
 To supplicate thy grace,
 And reverently in worship look
 To thy most holy place.

To righteous men, Thou righteous Lord,
 Thy blessing wilt extend ;
 And with thy favour all thy saints,
 As with a shield defend.

PSALM 6.

Deprecation of God's wrath, and supplication for mercy.

IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
 My troubled soul, O Lord,
 That faints before thy angry look,
 And trembles at thy word.

My wearied heart bemoans its sin,
 Opprest with doubts and fears ;
 And waters, every night, my couch
 With unavailing tears.

Haste then, O Lord, thy power display
 To sanctify and save ;
 In death we cannot sing thy praise,
 Nor thank Thee in the grave.

Let all my foes and fears depart,
 Nor tempt me to despair ;
 My Saviour comes to cheer my heart,
 My God hath heard my prayer.

 PSALM 8.

*God's goodness to man in the works of creation
 and redemption.*

O God, our Lord, in earth how great
 Is thy most glorious name ;
 Above the highest firmament
 Exalted is thy fame !

When thoughtful we the heaven's survey,
 Fram'd by thy power divine,
 The sun, the moon, and all the stars,
 In order as they shine.

Lord ! what is man's frail, fallen, race,
 That Thou, with power divine,
 Crown'st him with glory and with grace
 O'er every work of thine ?

O Lord ! how excellent thy name !
 How manifold thy ways !
 Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
 Eternity thy praise.



PSALM 9.

The pleasure of praise and thanksgiving.

To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 We will our hearts prepare ;
 To all the listening world thy works,
 Thy wondrous works declare.

The thoughts of them shall to our souls
 Exalted pleasure bring ;
 While to thy name, O God, most high !
 Triumphant praise we sing.

All those who have thy goodness proved,
 Will in thy truth confide ;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
 That on thy help relied.

In this thy temple, then will we
 Our grateful songs express ;
 Proclaim thy praise, till all the world
 No other God confess.

PSALM 11.

*God's providence and justice, the security of the
righteous.*

SINCE I have placed in God my trust—
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a timorous bird,
To other refuge fly?

In vain the wicked bend their bow,
And ready fix their dart,
Lurking in ambush to destroy
The man of upright heart.

For God most holy, and most high,
Does from his heavenly throne
Regard the simple and the poor,
And will protect his own.

The righteous Lord, all righteous deeds
Will with his favour grace,
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.



PSALM 13.

The prayer of hope under affliction.

How long wilt thou forget to hear,
And scorn a humble suppliant's prayer?
Wilt thou thy face for ever hide,
My sighs unheard, my prayers denied?

How long shall my presumptuous foe
Exulting triumph in my woe?
How will the powers of darkness boast
If but one praying soul be lost?

Then hear, O Lord, O let thy ray
 This threatened darkness chase away ;
 Thy mercies sure shall hope impart,
 And thy salvation glad my heart.

Then, Lord, to Thee my voice I'll raise
 In songs of everlasting praise ;
 That saving might and mercy bless
 Which helped me in my deep distress.

PSALM 15.

The qualifications and reward of the christian.

LORD ! who's the happy man that may
 To thy blest courts repair ;
 Not, stranger like, to visit them,
 But to inhabit there ?

'Tis he whose every thought and deed
 By rules of virtue moves ;
 Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.

Who vice in all its pomp and power,
 Can treat with just neglect ;
 But piety, tho' clothed in rags,
 Religiously respect.

Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood ;
 And tho' he promise to his loss
 Will make his promise good.

The man who by this steady course
 Has happiness insured ;
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
 By providence secured.

PSALM 16.

Christian faith overcoming the fear of death.

PRESERVE me, Lord, my soul defend,
On Thee alone my hopes depend ;
Not death itself, when thou art near,
Can make my steadfast heart to fear.

E'en in the dark and silent grave,
Thou, Lord, art present still to save ;
To set th' imprisoned spirit free,
And raise the dust to live with Thee.

Thou dost the glorious truths display,
That to thy presence point the way ;
Where happiness entire is found,
And everlasting joys abound.

PSALM 18.

*The exercise of divine power in defence of the
righteous.*

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Great love I owe to Thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.
In Thee I trust, though pangs of death
Should fill my heart with dread ;
And though I walk where snares of hell
Are round about me spread.

The saints of God, beset with fear,
Prayed for his help and grace,
And straightway their complaint he heard
Out of his holy place.

The Lord descended from above, -
 And bow'd the heavens most high ;
 And underneath his feet he spread
 The darkness of the sky.
 On cherubim and seraphim
 Full royally he rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.
 Thou, Lord, dost save when wrong is near,
 Thou dost deliverance bring ;
 Let Gentiles, then, thy wonders hear,
 And learn thy praise to sing.

PSALM 19.

The glory of God in the works of creation.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 Which that alone can fill ;
 The firmament and stars express
 Their great Creator's skill.
 The dawn of each returning day,
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
 And from the dark returns of night,
 Divine instruction springs.
 Their sacred language to no realm
 Or region is confined,
 'Tis nature's voice, and understood
 Alike by all mankind.
 Wide as the circling sun, they spread
 Thy glorious truth abroad,
 And teach the wondering world to sing
 The praises of our God.

PSALM 19.

PART II.

The excellence of God's law.

How perfect is the law of God,
His covenant how sure ;
Converting souls, and making wise
The simple and the poor !
Just are thy judgments, and thy word
Doth precious truths unfold ;
Sweeter than honey to the lips,
And better far than gold.
Blest counsellors thy statutes are,
To teach us how to live ;
To those who keep them, oh ! how great
The recompense they give !
Cleanse then my heart, that by thy grace
From secret sin set free ;
Accepted ever in thy sight,
My words and thoughts may be.

PSALM 20.

A prayer for protection against our national enemies.

HEAR us, O Lord, thy heavenly succour send
In this our time of need and deep distress ;
Let thy great name our rightful cause defend,
And still with victory our efforts bless.
While vainly some against their earthly foes
On earthly aid depend, and make their boast ;
On Thee alone, O Lord, our hopes repose,
Thy name itself is a resistless host.

And to that name we lift our suppliant voice,
 And in that name our country's banners raise;
 O let us in that saving name rejoice,
 And our salvation's God for ever praise.

God of our fathers! thy protecting wing
 O'er thine anointed spread, and from on high
 Our prayers regard, and timely succour bring
 To those who on thy help alone rely.



PSALM 21.

Thanksgiving for national mercies.

THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
 Shall in thy strength rejoice;
 With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise
 To heaven his grateful voice.

For Thou hast heard his people's prayer,
 And granted their request;
 Hast made their every want thy care,
 And thine anointed blest.

Thy sure defence has spread around
 The triumphs of his name;
 And his victorious actions crown'd
 With everlasting fame.

Thus ever, Lord, thy majesty
 And wondrous power display;
 So shall we sing right solemnly,
 Thy praise from day to day.

PSALM 22.

*Both rich and poor exhorted to praise God for the
bounties of his providence.*

YE worshippers of Jacob's God,
And you of Israel's line ;
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.
He ne'er disdained on low distress
To cast a gracious eye ;
Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
But heard its humble cry.
Let then the rich, with plenty fed,
His bounteous hand confess ;
And sons of want, by Him relieved,
Their Benefactor bless.
Let all the glad converted world
To God their homage pay ;
And scattered nations of the earth,
One sovereign Lord obey.

PSALM 23.

"I am the good shepherd."

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The shepherd, by whose constant care,
My wants are all supplied.
In tender grass He makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool fountains, where
Refreshing water flows.
He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,

Instructs with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

Yea, though I pass the gloomy vale
Of death, I'll fear no ill;
His staff shall comfort me, for there
My God is with me still.

And since his wondrous love doth thus,
Through all my life extend;
Let me that life to Him devote,
And in his temple spend.



PSALM 24.

Christ's Ascension.

"Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ."

LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Lift up to entertain
The King of Glory; lo! He comes
With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord for strength renowned;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal victor crowned.

Lift up your heads, ye heavenly doors,
Lift up your heads on high;
The King of Glory; lo! He comes,
He comes triumphantly!

Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord of Hosts is He;
He first, He last, He without end,
Shall King of Glory be.

PSALM 25.

God's covenanted mercies a ground of confidence.

To Thee, in whom I trust,
 I lift my heart and voice ;
 O let me not be put to shame,
 Nor let my foes rejoice.

Thy mercy and thy love,
 O Lord, recall to mind ;
 And graciously continue still,
 As Thou wert ever, kind.

Let all my youthful sins
 Be blotted out by Thee ;
 And for thy holy covenant's sake,
 In mercy think on me.

His goodness and his truth
 Does God to all display,
 In bringing wandering sinners home,
 And teaching them his way.

 PSALM 26.

*Purity of heart, the proper preparation for the house
 and worship of God.*

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
 Of righteousness have trod ;
 They cannot fall, who all their trust
 Repose on Thee, O God.

Search Thou my heart, and let my faith
 Shine more, the more 'tis tried ;
 O let me keep thy word in view,
 And make thy truth my guide.

So let me pure in heart and hand
 Unto thy temple go,
 To taste thy mercies there, and there
 My prayer and praise renew.

For I have loved that holy place
 Wherein thy glories dwell ;
 Where we may in thy presence meet,
 And of thy goodness tell.



PSALM 27.

Safety and peace to be found in the house of God.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too ;
 God is my strength, nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires,
 O grant me an abode
 Among the churches of thy saints—
 The temples of my God.

Where I, with trouble or with fear,
 Or anxious care oppress ;
 May find in Thee a refuge near,
 An everlasting rest.

O let my trembling heart on God
 Repose in every strait ;
 Abide his time, and on his power
 In faith and patience wait.

PSALM 29.

The great ones of the world exhorted to glorify God.

GIVE to the Lord, ye potentates,
 Give ye, with one accord,
 All praise, and honour, might, and strength,
 Unto the living Lord !

Give to his name the glory due,
 And honour Him alone ;
 Give worship to his Majesty,
 On his most holy throne.

The Lord doth sit upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain ;
 And of the earth both God and King
 For evermore shall reign.

The Lord will give his people strength,
 Their might and power increase ;
 And He will bless his chosen flock
 With everlasting peace.



PSALM 30.

*Thanksgiving to God for deliverance; temporal or
 spiritual.*

LORD ! our grief is turned to gladness,
 Thou hast made our hearts rejoice ;
 We, who lately pined in sadness,
 Now can raise a thankful voice.

Oh how short is thy displeasure,
 As a moment it appears ;
 But thy love is without measure,
 Still the same through endless years.

Ours may be a night of sorrow,
 Dark with human doubts and fears ;
 But how soon the heavenly morrow
 Dries the christian mourner's tears.

Thus from age to age increasing,
 Shall thy truth and love be found ;
 While thy saints, with praise unceasing,
 Make the heavens themselves resound.



PSALM 31.

A thankful trust in the providential care of God.

To Thee, the God of truth,
 My life and all that's mine,
 To Thee, preserver of my youth,
 I willingly resign.

Those mercies Thou hast shown
 I'll thankfully express ;
 For Thou hast seen my wants, and known
 My soul in deep distress.

Whate'er events betide,
 Thy wisdom times them all :
 In safety, Lord, thy servant hide
 From those that seek my fall.

Ye that on God rely,
 Courageously proceed ;
 For He will still your hearts supply
 With strength in time of need.

PSALM 32.

The blessedness of sincere confession and repentance.

How bless'd, whose sins have pardon gained,
 No more in judgment to appear,
 Whose guilt remission hath obtained,
 And whose repentance is sincere.

While I, within my conscious breast,
 In secrecy my sin concealed,
 Thy terrors day and night oppress'd,
 Nor ought could peace or comfort yield.

But when I had the wound disclosed,
 The guilt that tortured me within,
 Thy quick forgiveness interposed,
 And mercy's healing balm poured in.

Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
 The hardened sinner shall o'ertake ;
 But those who in thy truth confide,
 Shall of thy mercy, Lord, partake.



PSALM 33.

*The duty of the righteous to shew themselves joyful
 in God.*

LET all the just to God, with joy,
 Their cheerful voices raise ;
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.

For faithful is the word of God,
 His works with truth abound ;
 He justice loves, and all the earth
 Is with his goodness crowned.

The Lord, on all who trust in Him,
 Looks down with gracious eyes ;
 He frees their souls from death, their want
 In time of dearth supplies.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
 Do thou to us extend ;
 Since we, for all we want or wish,
 On Thee alone depend.



PSALM 34.

*Mankind invited to try by experience the safety and
 blessedness of God's service.*

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just ;
 Deliverance He affords to all
 Who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide,
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

Fear Him, ye Saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make but his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.

PSALM 36.

Trust in the mercy, justice, and providence of God.

THY mercy, Lord, our steadfast hope,
 The highest orb of heaven transcends;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
 Beyond the spreading skies extends.
 Thy justice, like the hills, remains,
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are,
 Thy providence the world sustains,
 And all creation is thy care.
 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance may the just
 Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
 And saints in thy protection trust.
 Thee for our fount of life we own,
 Light in thy light divine we see:
 O hear us from thy heavenly throne,
 O save us for we trust in Thee.

 PSALM 37.

The prosperity of the wicked not to be envied.

THOUGH wicked men grow rich and great,
 Yet let not their successful state
 One envious feeling raise;
 For like the grass, or frailer flower
 That blooms and withers in an hour,
 The wealth of sin decays.
 A little, with God's favour bless'd,
 Is better far than wealth possessed
 In wickedness and pride:

The good man's portion is secure,
His happiness is always sure,
Whatever else betide.

I have been young, and now am old,
Yet never did I one behold
Forsaken by his God,
Who helped the needy in distress,
And in the paths of righteousness,
Religiously hath trod.

Wait on the Lord—thy God obey,
So thou within the land shalt stay,
From every danger freed ;
Thy darkest paths in peace shall end,
Some timely aid thy God will send
In every hour of need.



PSALM 38.

Confession of sin and deprecation of God's wrath.

THY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though we deserve it all ;
Let not on us the fearful weight
Of thy displeasure fall.

The sins, which like a deluge swell,
Our sinking heads o'erflow,
And, for our feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

But, Lord, to thine heart-searching eyes
 Be all our thoughts disclosed ;
 To Thee be every sin confessed,
 And every heart exposed.
 O Lord, our God, forsake us not,
 Nor far from us depart ;
 Make haste to help, for Thou alone
 Our great salvation art.

PSALM 39.

The shortness and vanity of human life.

TEACH me, O Lord, how frail I am,
 How short, how few, my years ;
 That life, in all its best estate,
 But vanity appears.
 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
 With fruitless cares oppress'd ;
 He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
 By whom 'twill be possessed.
 Why should I, then, to this vain world
 With so much care attend ;
 On Thee, and Thee alone, O God,
 Let all my hopes depend.
 Oh guide me with thy grace on earth,
 And listen to my prayer,
 Who sojourn like a stranger here,
 As all my fathers were.
 O spare me yet, and with thy grace
 My wasted strength restore,
 Before I vanish from the earth,
 And here am seen no more.

PSALM 40.

*God to be praised for the wonders and mercies shewn
in our deliverance through Christ.*

We waited meekly for the Lord,
And he vouchsafed a kind reply;
He did a gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven our humble cry.

How shall our grateful lips recount
The mercies He for us hath wrought!
The wonders of his love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, or thought!

For our transgressions to atone,
Thou, gracious Lord, hast not desired
Offerings and sacrifice alone,
Nor blood of guiltless beasts required.

Thy blessed Son came to fulfil
All that thy sacred words impart;
He gave himself to do thy will,
Thy law was written in his heart.

Then let thy mercy and thy grace,
Designed for all, extend to me;
His sacrifice my only hope,
Thy truth my sure protection be.

PSALM 41.

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

HAPPY the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd ;
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord will give him rest.

The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety will prolong ;
And disappoint the will of those
Who seek to do him wrong.

If he in languor and in pain,
Oppress'd with sickness lie,
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

Bless'd, then, be Israel's God and Lord,
For ever bless'd his name ;
A God of truth, whose mercies are
From age to age the same.



PSALM 42.

God the Christian's hope and desire under affliction.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living Lord,
My troubled soul doth pine ;
Oh when shall I behold thy face
In majesty divine !

God of my strength, O let me not
 Like one forgotten mourn,
 Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
 To the oppressor's scorn.

Oh! be not then cast down, my soul,
 Let no vain fears annoy;
 Trust but in God, and He shall change
 Thy tears to songs of joy.



PSALM 44.

God the safety and support of his people in all ages.

Our ears have heard our fathers tell,
 And reverently record,
 The wondrous works that Thou hast done
 In ancient time, O Lord.

How Thou didst drive the heathen out
 With thine almighty hand;
 And to thy favour'd people gave
 The best of all their land.

Not by their might was safety wrought,
 Nor victory by their sword;
 But by thy hand and arm divine,
 Whose succour they implored.

Arise, and for thy mercy's sake,
 Be Thou our God and King,
 And let that arm which fought for them,
 To us deliverance bring.

PSALM 45.

The triumph and reign of the Messiah.

MATCHLESS thy form, O heavenly king,
 Thy lips with grace o'erflow ;
 Fresh blessings on thy head, shall God
 Eternally bestow.

Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince,
 Thy vanquished foes subdue ;
 While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
 Thy glorious paths pursue.

High is thy throne, and firmly fixed,
 For ever to endure ;
 Righteous thy rule, by righteous laws
 Immutably secure.

From age to age, from clime to clime,
 Through every age the same,
 Thy truth shall spread, till every tongue
 Shall praise the Saviour's name.



PSALM 46.

The security of the church in the presence and protection of God.

God is our refuge in distress,
 A present help when foes oppress ;
 In God will we confide,
 Though earth were from her centre torn,
 And mountains to the ocean borne,
 Were sunk beneath the tide.

Fixed on an everlasting rock,
 Above the tempest's fiercest shock,
 Our Sion stands secure ;

Around her flows the sacred flood,
 Gladdening the city of our God
 With streams for ever pure.

Though heathen rage her walls assail,
 And every earthly succour fail,
 Thou, Lord of hosts, art near,
 To snap the spear, and break the bow,
 And turn to flight her every foe,
 And silence every fear.



PSALM 47.

Christ's Ascension.

ARISE, ye people, clap the hand,
 Exulting strike the chord ;
 Let every isle and every land,
 Confess th' Almighty Lord.

Hark ! the glad shouts from earth around,
 The ascending God proclaim ;
 The heavens, with answering shouts, resound
 The great Redeemer's name.

To Him, with skill and reverent mirth,
 Perpetual praises sing ;
 Praise Him, O praise, thou ransom'd earth,
 Thy Saviour, God, and King.

Exalted now upon his throne,
 The highest heavens above,
 Let every tongue his empire own,
 And every heart his love.

PSALM 48.

*God's blessing to be sought, and His name to be praised
in His house of prayer.*

GREAT is the Lord, and with great praise
To be exalted still,
Within the city of our God,
Upon His holy hill.

Here in thy presence, gracious Lord,
Within thy temple's gate,
Assembled now we hear thy word,
And for thy blessing wait.

Where'er thy name and works are known,
Thy worship shall be found ;
Till earth and sea's remotest bounds
Shall with thy praise resound.

Thou, Lord, for evermore shalt be
Through life and death our guide ;
None other we will praise but Thee,
Nor own a God beside.



PSALM 50.

The coming of God to judgment.

THE Lord hath spoke—the awful sound
Hath summoned all the world around ;
No longer silent now, his word
From east to farthest west is heard.

Our God shall come—and at his feet
Shall heaven and earth in judgment meet ;
Consuming fires shall go before,
And mighty tempests round Him pour.

Then shall ye hear the gracious voice
 That bids your faithful hearts rejoice ;
 " Gather my saints within my fold,
 Let them their covenant-God behold."
 He speaks—th' applauding heavens record
 The righteous judgment of their Lord ;
 Assembled worlds his truth confess,
 And praise his saving righteousness.

PSALM 51.

A confession of sin, and prayer for pardon and grace.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As Thou wert ever kind ;
 Let me, oppress'd with conscious guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.
 Blot out my sins, O Lord,
 Nor me in anger view ;
 Create within me a clean heart,
 An upright mind renew.
 Withdraw not Thou thy help,
 Nor cast me from thy sight,
 Nor from me let thy spirit take
 Its everlasting flight.
 Could sacrifice atone,
 Whole flocks and herds should die ;
 But on such offerings Thou disdain'st
 To cast a gracious eye.
 A broken spirit is
 By God most highly prized ;
 By Him a broken contrite heart
 Shall never be despised.

PSALM 53.

*The universal apostacy and promised redemption
of mankind.*

THE Lord from out his heavenly throne,
On man's degenerate race looked down,
To see, throughout this world's abode,
If any knew or sought their God.

But none were righteous found, not one
The path of holiness has known ;
All, all, alas ! have gone astray
From God's appointed word and way.

Rise, Thou great Sun of righteousness,
Our wayward hearts to light and bless ;
O let thy gospel-grace now shine,
On this benighted world of thine.

And when that promised day shall come,
When Thou, thy captives, shalt bring home ;
Then Judah shall lift up her voice,
And Israel's ransomed sons rejoice.



PSALM 55.

Prayer the believer's confidence in danger.

By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry ;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will He long deny.

God shall preserve my soul from death,
Shall shield me when afraid ;
Many there are that fight for me,
When God commands their aid.

Cast then thy burdens on the Lord,
 He will sustain them all;
 Supported by His righteous word,
 His saints shall never fall.

Yes, He, the everlasting God,
 His people's voice will hear;
 And punish those obdurate foes,
 Who own no God to fear.



PSALM 56.

*God the believer's defence against enemies spiritual
 and temporal.*

WHENE'ER, O God, I ask thy aid,
 My foes shall be o'erthrown;
 For this I know, that Thou art near
 My righteous cause to own.

I'll trust thy word, O God, nor fear
 What earthly foes can do;
 Thy vows are on me, and to Thee
 My thanks are ever due.

Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
 And do Thou still direct
 My path aright, and all my steps
 From error, Lord, protect.

That thus before Thee I may walk,
 And heavenly light enjoy,
 And in the service of my God
 My lengthened days employ.

PSALM 57.

A hymn of thanksgiving for the resurrection of Christ.

O God, my heart is fix'd, is bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake my glory, harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute,
And I my tuneful part to take
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till Thou art here, as there obeyed.



PSALM 59.

*The power and mercy of God; the christian's ground
of confidence, and subject of praise.*

ON Thee I wait, 'tis on thy strength
For succour I depend;
'Tis Thou, O God, art my defence,
Who only can'st defend.

Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft
From danger set me free,
Shall still my wants and wishes crown
With goodness plenteously.

Early will I thy praises sing,
 Thy wondrous power confess,
 For Thou, and only Thou, hast been
 My refuge in distress.

To Thee, with never-ceasing praise,
 To Thee, my God, I'll sing ;
 Thou art my strength, the rock from whence
 My health and safety spring.



PSALM 60.

A penitential psalm under national calamity.

O GOD, who hast our strength dispersed,
 Forsaking those who left Thee first,
 As we thy just displeasure mourn,
 To us in mercy, Lord, return.

How trembles our divided land,
 Beneath the judgments of thy hand !
 O heal the wounds which Thou hast made,
 We shake, we fall, without thy aid.

Thy heavy judgments, Lord, we feel,
 And, drunk with discord's cup, we reel ;
 Yet hear, O hear our ceaseless prayer,
 And in thy mercies let us share.

Those whom Thou didst in wrath forsake,
 Repentant now, victorious make ;
 Do Thou our sinking cause sustain,
 For human succours are but vain.

PSALM 61.

A prayer for the safety of the Queen's person, and a blessing on her reign.

BLESS, Lord, with long and prosperous life,
The Queen Thou dost ordain ;
Long o'er thy chosen heritage
May she in glory reign.

O let thy truth and mercy both
In her defence unite ;
Confirm her throne, and make her rule
Accepted in thy sight.

Safe in thy presence let her stand
With those that fear thy name ;
And as thy blessing is with them,
Grant, Lord, to her the same.

So will we ever sing thy praise,
Thy name for ever bless ;
Devote our prosperous days to pay
The vows of our distress.



PSALM 62.

A resolution to trust in God alone, and an exhortation to all people to do the same.

Do Thou, my soul, on God rely,
In Him thy trust repose ;
In Him, who doth thy strength supply,
From whom thy safety flows.

In Him, ye people, always trust,
To Him pour out your hearts ;
For God, the merciful and just,
To all his grace imparts.

Trust not in man, for man is vain,
 And though your wealth increase,
 Set not your hearts on earthly gain,
 Nor tread th' oppressor's ways.

Oft hath God spoke, and we have known
 The truth so oft declared—
 That power is His, and His alone,
 To punish or reward.



PSALM 63.

*God's presence and grace the object of the Christian's
 desire and subject of his praise.*

OH God, Thou art my God, to Thee
 My earliest prayers shall offered be ;
 Here in this desert place,
 O let my longing eyes behold,
 As in thy temple, Lord, of old,
 The glories of thy grace.

For dearer far than life to me,
 Thy loving kindness, Lord, shall be,
 And greater joys impart.
 My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In praising Thee will I employ,
 With lifted hands and heart.

At night, e'er sleep my eyelids close,
 On Thee my waking thoughts repose,
 And in thy presence blest ;
 Though midnight darkness round me spread,
 I sleep secure, and on my bed
 In peace and safety rest.

PSALM 64.

The most secret designs of the wicked cannot escape the knowledge and vengeance of the Almighty.

WHAT, though with secrecy and care,
 Their plots the wicked lay,
 And boast designs so dark, that none
 Can see them, or betray;

Yet God shall see, and justly moved,
 His dreadful bow shall bend,
 And on His flying arrow's point,
 Shall swift destruction send.

The world shall then His power confess,
 And nations trembling stand,
 Convinced that 'tis the avenging work
 Of an Almighty hand.

Whilst all the righteous shall rejoice,
 And place in God their trust,
 And all the true of heart shall sing
 The triumphs of the just.



PSALM 65.

A thanksgiving for the fruits of the earth.

GREAT God! to Thee, and to thy praise,
 Morning and eve their voices raise;
 Earth's farthest bounds thy might proclaim,
 Confess thy power, and fear thy name.

Thou visitest, with bounteous hand,
 The earth, and blessest all the land;
 Thy copious streams are poured around
 To fertilize the barren ground.

The rain in softening drops distils,
 And every furrowed valley fills ;
 The fruitful clouds drop fatness down,
 The circling year thy bounties crown.

Beneath, O Lord, thy favoring skies,
 The crowded harvests round us rise ;
 While every field shall find a voice,
 And in its Maker's praise rejoice.



PSALM 67.

A prayer for the diffusion of the gospel.

To bless thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known,
 And distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join
 To celebrate thy fame ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine,
 To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing,
 With joy and pious mirth ;
 For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

PSALM 68.

*Though ascended into heaven, Christ is still present with
his church by the gifts of his spirit.*

O Lord, our King! angelic powers—
Unnumbered hosts, await thy will;
Thy presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it hallowed Sinai's hill.
Thou hast ascended up on high,
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people plenteously
The graces of thy spirit shed.
E'en sinners shall partake thy grace,
And humble penitents repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And pay their contrite homage there.
For benefits each day bestowed,
Be daily thy great name adored;
Thou art our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the Sovereign Lord.

PSALM 69.

The name of Christ magnified for his salvation.

ME, howsoe'er distressed and poor,
Christ's strong salvation shall restore;
His power and love will I proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks his name.
And this shall He more highly prize
Than flocks and herds in sacrifice;
Which humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like relief with me.

For Christ regards the poor's complaint,
 And sets him free from sin's restraint ;
 Let heaven, earth, sea, their voices raise,
 And all the world resound his praise.

He will fair Sion's walls erect,
 And Judah's cities will protect ;
 Till all her scattered sons repair,
 To worship Him in safety there.



PSALM 71.

A prayer for God's protection in old age.

IN Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
 Defend my soul from ill ;
 O hear my prayer, and in thy truth
 Be Thou my Saviour still.

Thy constant care, O Lord, did guard
 My tender infant days,
 For Thou did'st take me from the womb
 To sing thy constant praise.

And now forsake me not, O Lord,
 When I am feeble grown ;
 In youth, in age, my only hope
 Is fixed on Thee alone.

Still let me, then, thy succour find,
 And in thy strength go on ;
 My grateful tongue shall learn to praise
 Thy righteousness alone.

PSALM 72.

The reign of the Messiah.

To God's anointed shall the isles
 Their costly presents bring;
 From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
 And wealthy Saba's king.
 To Him shall every prince on earth
 His grateful homage pay,
 And differing nations gladly join
 To own his righteous sway.
 The blessings of his saving might
 Through endless years shall run;
 His glorious name shall shine more bright,
 And lasting than the sun.
 In Him all nations of the world
 Shall be completely blest,
 And his salvation's strength shall be
 By every tongue confessed.

PSALM 73.

God the only proper object of our faith and love.

WHOM, Lord, in heaven but Thee alone,
 Have I, whose favour I require?
 Throughout the spacious earth there's none
 That I beside Thee can desire.
 Oft has thy presence strength supplied,
 Oft has thine hand assistance given;
 O be Thou now on earth my guide,
 And then receive me into heaven.

My trembling flesh, my fearful heart,
 May often fail to succour me ;
 But Thou can'st inward strength impart,
 Thou my eternal portion be.

O it is good to trust in God,
 To seek Him, and his help, in prayer,
 To spread his glorious praise abroad,
 And all his wondrous works declare.

—
 PSALM 75.

*The church acknowledgeth God's past interposition in
 her behalf, and prayeth for the like protection again.*

WHY dost Thou, Lord, thine aid so long withhold,

Why burns thy wrath so hot against thy fold?

O think upon thy flock, thy purchased race,

O think on Zion, once thy dwelling-place.

Thou, heretofore, in our defence hast fought,

And through the world hast great salvation wrought,

Thou did'st the sea by thine own strength divide,

And led thy people through the parting tide.

By Thee creation's work was first begun,

Thou did'st prepare the light and glorious sun ;

The borders of the earth Thou did'st assign,

Summer and winter, day and night, are thine.

Rise then, O God, again thy cause maintain,

Nor let our foes thy holy name profane ;

Think on thy covenant still, and let us see

The poor and needy still rejoice in Thee.

PSALM 77.

*The church commemorateth past mercies, particularly
the wonders wrought by God for Israel, in the
passage of the Red Sea.*

I CALL to mind thy works of old,
The wonders of thy might;
On them my heart shall meditate,
And them my tongue recite.
Holy thy ways, inscrutable,
O Lord, thy counsels are;
What God so great as ours—what God
Can with our God compare?
Oft have thy people, Lord, in Thee
A God of wonders found,
And oft hast Thou thy chosen seed,
With great deliverance crowned.
Soon as the waters saw their God,
Th' obedient waves retired;
Earth, trembling with thy thunders, shook,
Heaven with thy lightnings fired.
Through parting waves Thou mad'st a way,
Through opening seas a road,
For Israel's rescued flock to pass,
Led by their guardian God.

PSALM 78.

*The word and works of God, the proper study of
christians in all ages.*

THY might, thy praises, Lord! which we
From ancient times have known,
Which our forefathers' pious care,
To us have handed down.

Be these proclaimed from age to age,
 From race to race be taught ;
 That worlds, as yet unborn, may know
 The wonders Thou hast wrought—

May learn that in their God alone,
 Their hope securely stands ;
 May ne'er his word or works forget,
 Or break his just commands.



PSALM 79.

*The church under a sense of sin, and in the hour of
 affliction, supplicateth pardon and deliverance.*

How long wilt Thou be angry, Lord !
 Must we for ever mourn ?
 Shall thy just indignation still,
 Like fire, devouring burn ?

O think not on our former sins,
 But speedily prevent
 Our utter ruin, now almost
 With sin and sorrow spent.

Help, God of our salvation, help,
 And free our souls from blame,
 So shall thy mercy and our praise
 Exalt thy glorious name.

O let the captive's sighs and tears
 Before thy throne ascend,
 And by the greatness of thy power
 From threatened death defend.

PSALM 81.

The praise of God upon a solemn festival.

To God our never-failing strength,
 With loud hosannahs sing,
 And jointly raise your hallowed mirth
 To Jacob's God and king.

- Take, take the psalm, and hymns of praise,
 With instruments of joy ;
 Let tabret, harp, and merry lute,
 Your grateful skill employ.
- Let trumpets at the festive moon,
 Their joyful sound upraise,
 To celebrate th' appointed time,
 The solemn day of praise.
- For this a statute was of old,
 By Israel's God decreed ;
 When Israel, from th' oppressor's hand,
 And Egypt's yoke, was freed.

 PSALM 84.

*The glory of God's temple, and the blessedness of those
 who worship Him in spirit there.*

O GOD of hosts ! the mighty Lord !
 How lovely is the place,
 Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of thy face.

My longing soul hath great desire
 To view thy blest abode ;
 My thankful heart and flesh rejoice
 In Thee, the living God.

Blest is the man, whose strength's in Thee,
 Whose heart is in thy ways ;
 Who in thy temple loves to dwell,
 And there to sing thy praise.
 For Thou, O God, our sun and shield,
 Wilt grace and glory give ;
 And no good thing wilt Thou withhold
 From them who justly live.
 Blest then for ever, Lord of Hosts,
 And only blest is he,
 Whose love and joy, whose hope and trust
 Are all reposed in Thee.

PSALM 85.

*The church praiseth God for her deliverance through
the manifestation of the Redeemer.*

LORD, Thou hast granted to our sins
 The mercy we implored,
 And graciously, a captive race
 To liberty restored.
 O God, our Saviour, all our hearts
 To thy obedience turn ;
 That, quenched with our repentant tears,
 Thy wrath no more may burn.
 To all who fear thy holy name,
 Thy saving health is given ;
 Thy glory now on earth is seen,
 As 'tis beheld in heaven.
 For mercy, now, with truth is joined,
 And righteousness and peace,
 Like blest companions sever'd long,
 In amity embrace.

PSALM 86.

The praises of God for his mercies in redemption.

LORD ! Thou art good, nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too ;
Of plenteous mercy to all those,
Who for that mercy sue.

- Teach me thy way, that from thy truth
My steps may ne'er depart ;
To Thee, and to thy sacred name,
Unite my willing heart.

Of Thee, and of thy mercies great,
My thankful tongue shall tell,
For Thou hast oft redeemed my soul
From misery and hell.

All shall confess Thee great, and great
The wonders Thou hast done ;
Confess Thee God, Thee God supreme,
Confess Thee God alone.

 PSALM 89.

*God magnified for his power, mercy, and truth, both in
the kingdom of nature and of grace.*

LORD ! for thy wondrous power and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And stillest the tumultuous deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

In Thee the sovereign rule remains
 Of earth and heaven ; Thee, Lord, alone,
 The world, and all that it contains,
 Their maker and preserver own.
 Mighty thine arm, and strong thine hand,
 Yet Thou with justice, Lord, dost reign ;
 Though absolute is thy command,
 Mercy and truth Thou dost maintain.
 How blest the people, who can place
 Their daily hope and joy in Thee ;
 Thy loving-kindness and thy grace
 The glory of their strength shall be.

PSALM 90.

The eternity of God and the frailty of man.

LORD ! Thou hast been from age to age
 Thy people's sure abode ;
 Before the heavens or earth were made,
 Eternally our God !
 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
 Like yesterday are gone,
 Short as the midnight watch that flies
 Before the rising sun.
 Man is like grass, though fresh and fair
 Its morning beauty shews,
 'Tis all cut down and withered
 Before the evening close.
 Then teach us, Lord, how brief our years,
 How few our days may be,
 That we in wisdom's path may walk,
 And fix our hearts on Thee.

PSALM 91.

The security of the righteous under the protection of God.

WHOSO hath God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
 In peace securely stay ;
No terrors that surprise by night,
His guiltless bosom shall affright,
 Nor shafts that fly by day.
God's tender love and watchful care
Shall guard him from the hostile snare,
 With his most sure defence ;
He over him his wings shall spread,
And shield his unprotected head,
 From death and pestilence.
The Lord will answer when he calls,
And rescue him when ill befalls,
 In honour and renown
Exalt, and when in sweet content
His long and happy life is spent,
 Will with salvation crown.

PSALM 92.

Thanksgiving the duty and the delight of the christian.

How good and pleasant too it is,
 To thank Thee, Lord, most high !
And with repeated hymns of praise,
 Thy name to magnify.
With every morning's early dawn,
 Thy goodness to recite,
And of thy constant truth to tell,
 Amid the shades of night.

How doth my heart delight, O Lord,
 Thy counsels deep to trace ;
 How doth my tongue rejoice to sing
 The wonders of thy grace !

While fools thy glorious works behold,
 With unregarding eye,
 To Thee be all our praises sung,
 Our God and King most high.



PSALM 93.

The majesty and power of God.

THE Lord, our God, a King remaineth,
 Rob'd in His own glorious light ;
 God hath rob'd himself, and reigneth,
 Girded with celestial might.

In her everlasting station
 .Thou hast placed the earth so sure ;
 Thou hast laid thy throne's foundation,
 From eternity secure.

Lord, the water-floods have risen,
 And the waves, with boisterous roar,
 Bursting from their ocean-prison,
 Madly rage upon the shore.

Mighty are the waves of ocean,
 Mightier far our God arose ;
 He alone can still their motion,
 And the angry deep compose.

PSALM 95.

An exhortation to join in public prayer and praise to God.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our salvation's rock we praise.
 Into his presence let us haste,
 To thank Him for his favours past;
 To Him address in joyful songs,
 The praise that to his name belongs.
 O let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there;
 Down on our knees devoutly all
 Before the Lord our Maker fall.
 He is our God, our Shepherd He,
 The people of his pasture we,
 The flock, that guided by his care,
 The blessings of his bounty share.

PSALM 96.

The whole Creation invited to join in celebrating the praises of the Redeemer.

SING to the Lord a new made song,
 Let earth in one assembled throng,
 Her great Redeemer's praise resound;
 Sing to the Lord and bless his name,
 From day to day his praise proclaim,
 Who hath us with salvation crowned.

CHORUS.

To Heathen lands his fame rehearse,
 His wonders to the universe.

He comes with truth and mercy crown'd,
Beauty and strength his throne surround,

His love shall fallen man restore ;
Let, therefore, heaven new joys confess,
Its heavenly mirth let earth express,
And ocean its applauses roar.

CHORUS.

Each mute inhabitant rejoice,
And for his triumph find a voice.



PSALM 97.

The universal reign of the Messiah.

THE Lord is King, let all the earth,
And isles, rejoice with rev'rent mirth ;
Though clouds and darkness round him fold,
Mercy and truth his throne uphold.

The heavens his righteousness declare,
And all the earth his glories share ;
Ye idol gods before him fall,
And worship Him the God of all.

O ye that love his holy name,
Shun every work of sin and shame ;
He guards his faithful people well,
And saves them from the snares of hell.

The seeds are sown of glorious light,
And gladness for the heart that's right ;
Let all with thankful lips confess,
And triumph in his holiness.

PSALM 98.

*The church extolletb the victory, and rejoiceth in the
second advent, of her Redeemer.*

SING to our Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things hath done,
With his right hand and holy arm
The victory hath won.

He hath throughout th' astonished world
Displayed his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the Heathen's sight.

Of Israel his love and truth
Have ever mindful been,
And earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.

Let, then, all earth's inhabitants
Their grateful voices raise,
And with one universal joy
Sound the Redeemer's praise.

For lo! He comes, let heights and depths
With joy his advent see;
He comes, in righteousness and truth,
Judge of the world to be.

PSALM 100.

Mankind exhorted to join in praising God for their creation and preservation, and for his unchangeable goodness, mercy, and truth.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
 Him serve with fear, his praise foretel,
 Come ye before Him, and rejoice.
 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
 Without our aid He did us make,
 We are his flock, He doth us feed,
 And for his sheep He doth us take.
 O, enter then, his gates with praise,
 Approach with joy his courts unto ;
 Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.
 For why?—the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure,
 His truth at all times firmly stoqd,
 And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM 101.

The grace of God, and the fellowship of the good, the objects of the christian's desire.

LORD, when I lift my voice to Thee,
 To whom all praise belongs,
 Thy justice and thy love shall be,
 The subject of my songs.
 May wisdom o'er my heart preside,
 And lead my footsteps right ;
 O make thy perfect law my guide,
 Thy service my delight.

From sinners turn mine eyes away,
 From sin set free mine heart ;
 And lest my wayward steps should stray,
 Thy constant grace impart.
 But let the faithful and the good
 Be my peculiar care,
 Find in my house a sure abode,
 My home and friendship share.

PSALM 102.

*The unchangeableness of God the christians ground
 of hope in affliction.*

LORD ! hear my prayer, and let my cry
 Unto thy throne ascend ;
 O hear, and in my deep distress
 Thy speedy succour send.
 For Thou hast heard the prisoner's moan,
 And from thy throne on high,
 Did'st loose the captive's chains, and save
 The souls condemned to die.
 Hear then my prayer, and by thy power,
 My youth from death secure ;
 For Thou, O Lord, no change can'st know,
 Thy mercies still are sure.
 The strong foundations of the earth
 By Thee of old were laid ;
 Thy hands the spacious arch of heaven
 With wondrous skill have made.
 These soon shall perish, but Thou, Lord,
 For ever shalt endure ;
 These like a garment fade, whilst Thou
 Shalt be from change secure.

PSALM 103.

Thanksgiving to God for his mercies, temporal and spiritual.

My soul, inspired with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever bless,
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.
 'Tis He that all our sins forgives,
 And after sickness makes us sound ;
 From danger He our life retrieves,
 By Him with grace and mercy crowned.
 The Lord abounds with tender love,
 With unexampled acts of grace,
 To chide, his wrath doth slowly move,
 To save, his mercy flies apace.
 Him then, ye angels, praise ; Him bless
 Ye creatures all ; and thou, my heart,
 To Him thy grateful thanks express,
 And in his praises bear thy part.

PSALM 104.

God magnified in the works of creation.

PRAISE God, O my soul, O rejoice in His
 name,
 My voice both his goodness and greatness
 proclaim,
 Surpassing in majesty, honour, and might,
 His throne is the heaven, His robe is the light.
 The sky like a curtain around is displayed,
 His chambers above on the waters are laid,
 The clouds as a chariot His glory to bear,
 On wings of winds wafted, fly swift through
 the air.

His angels are spirits, who wait on his will,
 As swift as the light His commands to fulfil;
 The earth on its basis immoveably stands;
 Ordained by His wisdom, and fixed by His
 hands.

Both the earth, and the sea, and the heavens
 above,
 Are filled with the works of His wisdom and
 love;
 To God, only good, while my voice I can raise,
 Shall my heart and my voice unite in His
 praise.

PSALM 106.

*The christian praiseth God for His mercy, and suppli-
 cateth a share in the blessings promised to His
 chosen people.*

O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love,
 Whose mercy firm, through ages past
 Hath stood, and shall for ever last.
 Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast, but numberless!
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise!
 Happy are they and only they,
 Who from thy judgments never stray,
 Who know what's right, not only so,
 But always practice what they know.
 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
 When Thou return'st to set them free,
 With thy salvation visit me.

PSALM 107.

*Our afflictions the penalty of our sins. Our deliverance
to be sought by penitence and prayer.*

When we God's counsel have defied,
And lightly prized his holy word,
With sore afflictions we are tried,
We fall, and none can help afford.

But when to his indulgent ear,
We penitent our prayer address,
He graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees us from our deep distress.

O then, that all would praise His name,
Whose pardoning mercy thus they prove,
And through the world with thanks proclaim
The wonders of his power and love.

Whoso is wise and true of mind,
These mercies in his soul are stored,
Still more and more to search, and find
The wonders of the Almighty Lord.



PSALM 110.

Christ's exaltation and everlasting priesthood.

To Christ, the Lord Jehovah spake,
"Till I thy foes thy footstool make,

Sit Thou at my right hand :
Supreme in Sion Thou shalt be,
And all thy proud opposers see
Subject to thy command."

“Thee, in thy power’s triumphant day,
The willing nations shall obey,
And all thy glories view,

- Redeemed by Thee from errors night,
Shall shine as numberless and bright,
As drops of morning dew.”

“The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchisedec’s, thy reign
Shall everlasting be;
E’en kings shall at thy footstool fall,
And Heathens own Thee Lord of all,
Their King eternally.”

PSALM 111.

The praises of God for his bounties, justice, and truth.

PRAISE ye the Lord, our God to praise
My soul her utmost powers shall raise;
In secret, and amidst the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
His bounties, like a flowing tide,
Have all his servants’ wants supplied,
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is the Lord.
Just are the dealings of His hands,
Immutable are His commands,
His truth, confirmed through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

Whoso, then, wisdom’s prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin,
Immortal praise is his reward,
Who knows His will, obeys His word.

PSALM 112.

The righteous man's confidence in danger, the blessedness of his memory, and the prosperity of his seed.

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
Whose chief delight is in His word,
On him unnumbered mercies rest,
His children's children shall be blest.

In days of darkness there shall rise,
Light to refresh his weary eyes ;
Trusting in God he shall not fear,
Though danger and though death be near.

His steadfast heart stands undismayed,
While every foe is prostrate laid ;
His liberal hand and ample store,
Deal daily blessings to the poor.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust,
And distant times shall learn to bless
His never-failing righteousness.



PSALM 113.

The glory and the power of God magnified in the resurrection of the dead.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumph of His power record,
His praise for evermore proclaim :
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
For ever praise His holy name.

O'er all the world extends his sway,
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are ;
 With Him, whose majesty excels
 The highest heaven in which he dwells,
 What power created shall compare ?
 Though high above all gods a God,
 Eternity his dread abode,
 Yet heaven and earth he makes his care ;
 He bids the worthless dust arise,
 And lifts the needy to the skies,
 Companions of the angels there.

PSALM 115.

*Our help is from God, to whom alone be the glory
 and the praise.*

Not unto us, Almighty Lord !
 But to thy sacred name
 Be glory, for thy mercy's sake,
 And truth's eternal fame.
 O let us make the Lord our trust,
 Make Him our sword and shield ;
 O trust for help in Him alone,
 Who only help can yield.
 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
 On Him they fear rely,
 For He in danger can defend,
 He all their wants supply.
 Thrice happy they, who servants are
 Of this Almighty King ;
 On them, and on their seed, will He
 Eternal blessings bring.

PSALM 116.

*The remembrance of past mercies the christian's hope
and encouragement to prayer in affliction.*

WITH deadly sorrows compass'd round,
With pain and grief oppress'd,
When troubles seize my aching heart,
And anguish racks my breast,
On God's Almighty name I call,
To Him address my prayer—
Lord, I beseech Thee, save my soul
From death and from despair.

For Thou hast oft before removed
My dangers and my fears,
My feet from falling hath secured,
And dried my eyes from tears.
Then, Lord, will I my life's best days,
Till life itself shall end,
In praises to thy Holy name,
And in thy service spend.

The cup of blessing to my lips,
With grateful heart, I'll raise,
And in thy temple's courts shew forth
My sacrifice of praise.

PSALM 118.

The resurrection of Christ celebrated.

THROW open wide the temple gates,
To which the just repair,
That we may enter in, and praise
Our great Deliverer there.

That which the builders once refused
 Is now the corner-stone ;
 This is the wondrous work of God,
 The work of God alone.
 He, by His own resistless power,
 Amazing works hath done,
 The saving strength of His right hand
 The victory hath won.
 This is the day the Lord hath made,
 Let heaven and earth rejoice ;
 "Hosanna to the Son of God,"
 Be heard from every voice.

PSALM 119.

PART I.

*A prayer to God for grace to understand and to keep
 his commandments.*

How blest, O Lord, are they who keep
 Thy pure and perfect way,
 Who never from the sacred path
 Of thy commandments stray.
 Eternal and unerring rules
 Thy testimonies give ;
 Teach me the wisdom that will make
 My soul for ever live.
 From all vain objects turn mine eyes,
 Which this false world displays,
 And give me both the power and will
 To keep thy holy ways.
 So shall thy testimonies, Lord,
 My guide and comfort be,
 While I no other comfort seek,
 No other guide but Thee.

PSALM 119.

PART II.

God's word the guide of the young.

How shall the young preserve their ways,
 From all pollution free ?
 By making, Lord, their course of life
 With thy commands agree.
 With my whole heart thy grace I seek,
 To Thee for help I pray ;
 O suffer not my careless steps
 From thy right paths to stray.
 Close in my heart, and treasured there,
 Thy word, my safety, lies ;
 To succour me with timely aid,
 When sinful thoughts arise.
 By this secured, my thankful soul
 Shall ever bless thy name ;
 Then teach me by thy holy law
 My future life to frame.



PSALM 121.

*The christian under the figure of Mount Sion, declareth
 his trust in the presence and protection of God.*

To Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
 From thence expecting aid ;
 From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
 Who heaven and earth hath made.
 Then Thou, my soul, in safety rest,
 Thy Guardian will not sleep,
 His watchful care that Israel guards,
 Will Israel safely keep.

Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,
 Thou shalt securely rest,
 Where neither heat nor cold shall Thee
 By day or night molest.

At home, abroad, in peace and war,
 Thy God shall thee defend,
 Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
 Safe to thy journey's end.



PSALM 122.

*The christian's joy in public worship, and a prayer for
 the peace and unity of the church.*

WITH joy on this thy day, O Lord !
 The welcome sound we hear,
 That calls us to the house of God
 To join in worship there.

For here, by thy divine command,
 Th' assembled tribes repair ;
 Here by thine altar celebrate,
 Thy name with praise and prayer.

Here pray we for our Salem's peace,
 For they shall prosperous be,
 Thou holy temple of our God !
 Who bear true love to Thee.

May peace within thy sacred walls,
 A constant guest be found ;
 With righteousness and unity,
 Thy holy worship crowned.

PSALM 125.

The security of the righteous in God's protection.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
 Like Sion's rock shall stand ;
 Like her immoveably be fixed
 By His Almighty hand.

The guardian hills on every side,
 Jerusalem enclose,
 So stands the Lord around his saints
 To guard them from their foes.

Let not unrighteous pride or power
 Thy people, Lord, oppress,
 Lest they in sore temptation's hour
 Thy holy laws transgress.

But do Thou well, O Lord, to those,
 The good and true of heart,
 Who all their trust on Thee repose,
 Nor from thy law depart.



PSALM 126.

*The redemption of the Jews from their captivity, a
 figure of the christian's redemption from sin.*

WHEN God from sin's captivity
 Sets his afflicted people free,
 In wonder lost, their mercies seem
 The visions of a transient dream.

But soon the blessed truth they find,
 And joy and wonder fill the mind,
 And praise ascends to God above,
 For this his saving grace and love.

Turn our captivity, O Lord,
 As southern rivers, at thy word,
 Return to bless the thirsty sand,
 And scatter plenty o'er the land.

Who sow in tears in joy shall reap,
 The captive shall not always weep,
 But they the precious seed who bear,
 Shall soon a plenteous harvest share.



PSALM 127.

God's help and blessing necessary to our success.

WE build with fruitless toil, unless
 The Lord our plans and labours bless;
 Except his guardian care maintain
 Our homes, the watchman wakes in vain.

Though we our anxious toil pursue,
 And every day our task renew,
 And labour hard, with care and pain,
 From morn to night—we toil in vain,

Unless, in all we do, we flee
 For guidance and for help to Thee,
 Who only can'st success ensure,
 And make our toil and rest secure.

Lo! children, though thy gifts, O Lord!
 No joy or happiness afford,
 Unless Thou hear'st the parent's prayer,
 And mak'st their youthful hearts thy care.

PSALM. 130.

*The christian in affliction declareth his faith in the
divine promises, and in the mercy and grace of God.*

FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I send my cry,
Lord! hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord,
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To mark the dawning day.

O put your trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows,
The plenteous source, from whence alone
Eternal succour flows.

Whose grace and truth supplies
For every want convey,
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM 132.

*A prayer for God's blessing upon the visible church of
Christ and the ministers of religion.*

ARISE, O God! and here possess
Thy constant place of rest,
And ever with thy presence, Lord,
Be this thy temple blest.

Clothe Thou her priests with righteousness,
Make all her saints rejoice,
And for thine own Anointed's sake,
O hear thy people's voice.

Let this in thy esteem, O Lord,
All other seats excel,
Here fix thine everlasting rest,
And here delight to dwell.

So with due reverence shall all
To thine abode repair,
Here prostrate at thy footstool fall,
Here pour their souls in prayer.



PSALM 133.

The blessedness of christian unity and brotherly love.

How blest the lot of those, how sweet
Must all their pleasures prove,
Who dwell like brethren here on earth
In unity and love.

Such love is like the precious oil,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and on his robes
Its costly fragrance shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which doth
 On Hermon's top distil ;
 Or like the early drops that fall
 On Sion's fruitful hill.

For all, whose hearts with mutual truth,
 And mutual love abound,
 Hath God with endless length of days,
 And endless blessings crowned.

= .

PSALM 136.

*A hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the God of gods
 and Lord of lords.*

To God, the mighty Lord,
 Your joyful thanks repeat,
 To Him your praise afford,
 As good as He is great ;
 Praise Him for his mercies past,
 Mercies which for ever last.

To Him, whose wondrous power
 All other Gods obey,
 Whom earthly kings adore,
 Your grateful homage pay ;
 Praise Him for his mercies past,
 Mercies which for ever last.

By his Almighty hand
 Amazing works are wrought ;
 The world, by his command,
 Was to perfection brought ;
 Praise Him for his mercies past,
 Mercies which for ever last.

He, in our misery,
 On us with pity thought;
 And, from our sin set free,
 To peace and safety brought;
 Praise Him for his mercies past,
 Mercies which for ever last.



PSALM 137.

*The church in captivity mourns the loss of the temple
 and its worship.*

WHERE Babylon's proud waters flow,
 We sat and wept to think on thee,
 And all thy wrongs and all thy woe,
 Sad Sion, once so fair and free!

Our harps, once tuneful in thy praise,
 But now neglected and unstrung,
 Sad tokens of our happier days,
 On many a neighbouring bough we hung.

How should we tune our hearts to sing,
 While still we wear the exile's chain;
 Mid'st Heathen scorn, our God and King,
 How should we thy great name profane?

O Sion! never shall our tongues
 Forget to mourn, and pray, for thee,
 Thy praise, the theme of all our songs,
 Thy woes, our heaviest grief shall be.

PSALM 139.

The omniscience and omnipresence of God.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My very thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

How, then, shall I thy presence shun ?
From thine all-seeing spirit run ?
Shall I attempt to shun thy sight,
Beneath the sable wings of night ?

Lo ! night itself is no disguise,
No screen from thine all-searching eyes,
One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Can kindle darkness into day.

Shall I to heaven direct my flight,
Lo, there Thou dwell'st enthroned in light ;
Or shall I unto hell repair,
Thou reign'st a God of vengeance there.

Searcher of hearts ! O let thine eye,
Great God ! my inmost soul descry ;
Correct me when I go astray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.



PSALM 143.

A prayer for deliverance from our spiritual enemies.

HEAR me, O Lord, in my distress,
Hear me in truth and righteousness ;
O judge me not, for, by Thee tried,
None living can be justified.

For foes without and foes within,
 The devil, and indwelling sin,
 Afflict my soul—beneath their weight,
 My heart is sunk and desolate.
 Yet in the midst of all my fears,
 I call to mind the former years,
 The wonders Thou hast wrought of old,
 Thy mercies great and manifold,
 And straight to Thee my hands I raise,
 In earnest prayer and thankful praise ;
 O hear me, then, and let me prove
 Once more thy faithfulness and love.
 Teach me to know thy word and will,
 Let thy good spirit guide me still ;
 O let thy justice interpose
 To save me from my soul's worst foes.

PSALM 144.

God the author of national blessings.

BLEST be the Lord ! whose heavenly power
 His people keeps in danger's hour, .
 Their everlasting strength and shield,
 Who arms them for the battle-field.
 Still let thy presence interpose
 To save us from our threatening foes ;
 Still, Lord, our nation's strength increase,
 And bless our land with health and peace.
 So shall our folds their thousands yield,
 And the rich harvests crown the field ;
 Our oxen, strong for constant toil,
 Shall till with ease the fruitful soil.

No more our streets the voice of fear,
 Or sorrow, or complaint, shall hear ;
 No want nor slavery shall they know,
 Domestic feud, nor foreign foe.
 Blest are the people, blest their case,
 Who do thy service, Lord, embrace ;
 Who on thy help alone depend,
 And have Thee for their God and Friend.

PSALM 148.

*The whole creation exhorted to join in celebrating the
 praises of its Maker.*

YE boundless realms of joy
 Exalt your Maker's fame ;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame ;
 Your voices raise,
 Ye cherubim,
 And seraphim,
 To sing His praise.
 Thou moon that rul'st the night,
 Thou sun that guid'st the day,
 Ye glittering stars of light,
 To Him your homage pay ;
 His praise declare,
 Ye heavens above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.
 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise His holy name,
 By whose Almighty word,
 They all from nothing came ;

And all shall last
 From changes free ;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

Ye saints who share his grace,
 Whom He exalts on high,
 And ye, the faithful race,
 Who still to Him are nigh ;
 In triumph raise
 Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice
 The Lord to praise.



PSALM 150.

A concluding exhortation to universal praise.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows ;
 Praise Him in heaven, where He his face
 Unveiled in perfect glory shows.
 Praise, O praise our heavenly King,
 For all the wonders of his might ;
 Let every voice unite to sing,
 His grace and goodness infinite.
 Let the shrill trumpet sound his praise,
 And harp, and lute, and psaltery join,
 Its loudest note the organ raise,
 To magnify his Name divine.
 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath He does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ ;
 Let every creature praise the Lord

The Hymns.

PART II.

HYMN 1.

For the Sabbath Morning.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah
blest,
When, like his own, He bade our labours
cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

So shall the God of mercy pleased, receive
That only tribute man has power to give.
So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Father of heaven ! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts
guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

HYMN 2.

For the Sabbath.

GREAT Shepherd of thy people hear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
The hearing ear, the melting eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

HYMN 3.

For the Sabbath.

LORD, again we meet before Thee,
Spar'd to see another day;
Help us, humbly we implore Thee,
Worthily to praise and pray;

Worldly cares and thoughts dispelling,
 In our hearts thy spirit dwelling,
 Teach us rightly to adore Thee,
 Learn thy will and keep thy way.
 Hear, O Lord, our full confession,
 When to Thee we lift our cry;
 Pardon speak for each transgression,
 To our suppliant souls draw nigh;
 Thy pure word our hearts directing,
 Thy good grace our steps protecting;
 Through the Saviour's intercession,
 All we need, O Lord, supply.



HYMN 4.

For Advent Sunday.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes;
 The Saviour promis'd long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
 He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him break;
 The iron fetters yield.
 He comes, to bind the broken heart,
 To make the wounded whole;
 To preach glad tidings to the meek,
 And bless the contrite soul.
 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
 Thine advent shall proclaim;
 And earth and heaven shall join to sing
 The glories of thy name.

HYMN 5.

For Advent Sunday.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing !
 Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;
 Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply ;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound.
 Oh, Saviour ! with protecting care,
 Return to this thy house of prayer ;
 Assembled in thy sacred name,
 Where we thy parting promise claim.
 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal ! bid thy spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be,
 A temple pure, and worthy thee.
 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

HYMN 6.

For Advent Sunday.

Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain,
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 Mortals ! catch the joyful strain.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those, who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Blest redemption, long expected !
 Lo ! his solemn pomp to share,
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Rise to meet Him in the air :
 Hallelujah !
 See the Son of God appear !

Saviour Lord ! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal throne ;
 Let all the world bow down before Thee,
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own :
 Hallelujah !
 Come and make thy glories known.

HYMN 7.

For Advent Sunday.

GREAT God ! what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated.
 The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
 The dead, which they contain'd before !
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

HYMN 8.

For Christmas Day.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born king!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd.
 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.
 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see;
 Hail the incarnate deity!
 Hail the heav'n-born prince of peace!
 Hail the son of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings;
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.

 HYMN 9.
For Christmas day.

OH Saviour, whom this holy morn
 Gave to our world below;
 To mortal want and labour born,
 And more than mortal woe!
 Incarnate Word! by every grief,
 By each temptation tried.
 Who lived to yield our ills relief,
 And to redeem us died!

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
 In dangerous wealth we dwell ;
 Remind us of thy manger bed,
 And lowly cottage cell.
 If pressed by poverty severe,
 In envious want we pine,
 Oh may thy spirit whisper near,
 How poor a lot was thine.
 Through fickle fortune's various scene
 From sin preserve us free ;
 As Thou, like us, has't tempted been,
 May we rejoice with Thee !



HYMN 10.

For Christmas Day.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth !
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth !
 Come and worship !
 Worship Christ, the new-born King !
 Shepherds ! in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the infant light :
 Come and worship !
 Worship Christ, the new-born King !
 Sages, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions learn afar,
 Seek the great desire of nations !
 Ye have seen his natal star :

Come and worship!
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!
 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you—break your chains!
 Come and worship!
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!

HYMN 11.

For the Epiphany.

Lo! in the east appears a light,
 In eastern skies unseen before,
 The wise men hail the welcome sight,
 And seek the mystery to explore.
 These ancient sages, led from far,
 Began their doubtful, anxious way,
 Nor rested till the wandering star
 Stood o'er the place where Jesus lay.
 They came—they saw—and they adored,
 Their costly treasures they unfold,
 And offer to their infant Lord,
 Their myrrh, their frankincense, and gold.
 That star to us its light imparts—
 Let us our pilgrimage pursue,
 And with the homage of our hearts,
 To Bethlehem go, and worship too.
 May we through life its guidance trace,
 And mark its path o'er earthly things,
 Until it lead us to the place
 Where Jesus reigns the King of kings!

HYMN 12.

For the Epiphany.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning!

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
aid!

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the
stall,

Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?

Gems of the mountain and pearls of the
ocean,

Myrrh from the forest or gold from the
mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,

Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.



HYMN 13.

For the Epiphany.

HAIL! thou Source of every blessing,
Sov'reign Father of mankind!

Gentiles, now thy grace possessing,
In thy courts admission find.

Grateful now we fall before thee,
 In thy church obtain a place,
 Now by faith behold thy glory,
 Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.
 Once far off, but now invited,
 We approach thy sacred throne,
 In thy covenant united,
 Reconcil'd, redeem'd, made one.
 Now revealed to eastern sages,
 See the Star of mercy shine,
 Mystery hid in former ages
 Mystery great of love divine.
 Hail, thou universal Saviour !
 Gentiles now their offerings bring,
 In thy temple seek thy favour,
 Jesus, Christ, our Lord, and King !
 May we, body, soul, and spirit,
 Live devoted to thy praise,
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
 Grateful anthems ever raise.

HYMN 14.

For Septuagesima Sunday.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 The spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim :
 Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to ev'ry land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
 What, though in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
 What, though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amid their radiant orbs be found,
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 15.

For Sexagesima Sunday.

ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
 Like seed upon the ground,
 O let the dew of heaven descend,
 And shed its influence round.
 Let not the foe of God and man.
 This holy seed remove ;
 May it take root in every heart,
 And grow in faith and love.
 Let not the weeds of worldly care,
 Nor wealth's deceitful joy,
 Nor scorching beam, nor stormy blast
 The rising plant destroy.

Where'er the word of life is sown,
 A large increase bestow ;
 That all who hear thy message, Lord,
 Its saving power may know.

Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
 Do Thou thy grace supply ;
 The hope, in earthly furrows sown,
 Shall ripen in the sky.



HYMN 16.

For Quinquagesima Sunday.

MAY we thy precepts, Lord, fulfil,
 To do on earth our Father's will
 As angels do above ;
 To walk in Christ, the living way,
 With all thy children, and obey
 The law of Christian love.

So may we join thy name to bless,
 Thy grace adore, thy power confess,
 From sin and strife to flee ;
 One is our calling, one our name,
 The end of all our hope the same,
 A crown of life with Thee.

Spirit of life, of love, and peace,
 Unite our hearts, our joy increase,
 Thy gracious help supply :
 To ev'ry soul the blessing give,
 In Christian fellowship to live,
 In joyful hope to die.

HYMN 17.

For Lent.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble cry ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye :

See, low before thy throne of grace
We wretched wand'ers mourn ;
Thou, Lord, hast bid us seek thy face,
Thou, Lord, hast said " Return."

Our sins affright, our fears prevail ;
O Lord, thy help afford ;
Thy gracious promise cannot fail,
And we would trust thy word.

To melt each cold and stubborn heart
With heav'nly influence shine ;
And light, and life, and strength impart,
And make us wholly thine.

HYMN 18.*For Lent.*

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on ev'ry heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign ;
 And not a wish our bosoms share,
 Which is not wholly thine.
 In meek submission to thy will
 Let ev'ry prayer arise ;
 And teach us, Lord, 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies.

HYMN 19.

For Lent.

THE solemn season calls us now
 A holy fast to keep :
 Let all pour forth the contrite vow,
 Let priest and people weep.
 Yet come not thou with tears alone,
 Or outward form of prayer ;
 But let it in thine heart be known
 That penitence is there.
 Thy breast to beat, or garment rend,
 God asketh not of thee ;
 Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend
 In true humility.
 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
 To grant us all we need,
 We pray for time to turn again,
 And grace to turn indeed.
 Blest Three in One, with grief sincere,
 To Thee we humbly pray,
 Let fruits of penitence appear
 To bless this fasting-day.

HYMN 20.

For Good Friday.

By thy birth and early years ;
By thy human griefs and fears ;
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness ;
By thy victory, in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power—
Jesus ! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thine hour of dark despair ;
By thine agony of prayer ;
By the purple robe of scorn ;
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
Cross and passion, pangs and cries ;
By thy perfect sacrifice—
Jesus ! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy deep expiring groan ;
By the seal'd sepulchral stone ;
By thy triumph o'er the grave ;
By thy power from death to save—
Mighty God ! ascended Lord !
To thy throne in heaven restor'd !
Prince and Saviour ! hear the cry
Of our solemn litany.

HYMN 21.

For Good Friday.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an offering far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.



HYMN 22.

For Good Friday.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
 Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
 Turn not from His griefs away ;
 Learn from Him to watch and pray.

See Him at the judgment-hall,
 Beaten, bound, revil'd, arraign'd ;
 See Him meekly bearing all,
 Love to man His soul sustain'd ;
 Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss,
 Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain view,
 There the Lord of glory see,
 Made a sacrifice for you,
 Dying on th' accursed tree :
 "It is finish'd," hear Him cry ;
 Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

HYMN 23.

For Easter.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
 Our triumphant holiday !
 Who so lately on the cross,
 Suffer'd to redeem our loss.—Hallelujah !
 Hymns of praises let us sing
 Unto Christ our Heavenly king ;
 Who endured the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save !—Hallelujah !
 For the pains which He endured,
 Our salvation have secured ;
 Now He reigns in heaven our King,
 Where the Angels ever sing—Hallelujah !

HYMN 24.

For Easter.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say,
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing ye heavens, and earth reply.
 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won :
 Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd paradise.
 Lives again our glorious king;
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save;
 Where's thy victory, O grave?
 Hail, thou Lord of earth and heaven
 Praise to thee by both be given;
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail the resurrection—Thou!



HYMN 25.

For Easter.

BOUND upon th' accursed tree,
 Faint and bleeding, who is He?
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled burning thirst,
 By the last and bitter cry;
 The ghost giv'n up in agony;
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead;
 Crucified! we know Thee now;
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He?
 By the sun at noon-day pale,
 Shivering rocks, and rending veil,

By earth that trembles at His doom,
 By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,
 By the souls He died to save,
 By the conquest He hath won,
 By the saints before His throne,
 Risen Lord ! we know Thee now,
 Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !



HYMN 26.

For Easter.

DEAD while they live are Adam's race
 By nature, since their father's fall ;
 But lo ! the messengers of grace
 Proclaim the gospel-hope to all.

By his omnipotence Christ rose,
 By his own Spirit liv'd again,
 To crush for ever all his foes,
 To raise for ever ruin'd man.

Those who his image here partake,
 Though worms in dust their flesh consume,
 Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake
 To life eternal from the tomb.

Hear it, ye dead, of every clime,
 Before the second death begins ;
 Come forth to a new life in time—
 A resurrection from your sins.

HYMN 27.

For Ascension Day, or Sunday after.

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid ;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Open'd is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide !
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 28.

For Ascension Day, or Sunday after.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus ;
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
 For he was slain for us.
 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow'r divine,
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.
 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.
 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

 HYMN 29.
Whit Sunday.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit each expectant mind,
 Come, pour thy joys on all mankind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples worthy Thee.

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us while we sing,
 Our frailty help, our vice control,
 Subdue the senses to the soul.

Chase from our minds th' mortal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
 And, lest our feet should haply stray,
 Protect and guide us in the way:
 Make us eternal truth receive,
 And practise all that we believe!

HYMN 30.

For Whit Sunday.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love!
 O shed thine influence from above,
 And still from age to age convey
 The blessings of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
 Be God's redeeming mercy sung;
 Let all the listening earth be taught
 The wonders by the Saviour wrought.

Unfailing comfort! heavenly guide!
 Still o'er thy favour'd church preside;
 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
 Who minister in holy things.

Teach us to prize the means of grace,
 And love thine earthly dwelling-place ;
 Inspire our souls with holy fear,
 With heavenly peace our bosoms cheer.
 One is our faith, and one our Lord,
 One body, spirit, hope, reward ;
 May we in one communion be
 One with each other, one with Thee !

HYMN 31.

For Whit Sunday.

SPIRIT of truth ! on this thy day
 To Thee for help we cry,
 To guide us through the dreary way
 Of dark mortality.
 Not for the gift of tongues we pray,
 Nor power the sick to heal,
 But wisdom to direct our way,
 And strength to do thy will.
 We pray to be renewed within,
 And reconciled to God ;
 To have our conscience cleansed from sin,
 Through the Redeemer's blood.
 We pray, that through thy grace divine,
 And by thy quickening powers,
 The flame of holy love may shine,
 In these cold hearts of ours.
 That so united with thy spirit,
 From earthly taint set free,
 We may thy promised rest inherit,
 A rest in heaven with Thee.

HYMN 32.

Trinity Sunday.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee!

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside
Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in
earth and sky and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

HYMN 33.

Trinity Sunday.

FATHER of heaven ! whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy pard'ning love extend.

Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord ;
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
 The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son,
 Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.



HYMN 34.

Trinity Sunday.

WE give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above :
 He sent his own eternal Son
 To die for sins which man had done.

To God the Son belongs,
Immortal glory too,
Who sav'd us by his blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with grace divine.

Almighty God ! to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One :
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

Hymns
FOR
PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

HYMN 35.

For the New Year.

God of our life! thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound :
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

In every scene of life thy care,
In every age, we see ;
And constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.

Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear ;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless this opening year.

O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free ;
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to Thee.

If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God ;
And in affliction I will sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

HYMN 36.

For the New Year.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fix'd in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

As the winged arrow flies,
 Swift its destin'd mark to find ;
 As the light'ning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind—
 Thus with speed our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Lord ! on high our wishes raise ;
 All on earth is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live.
 With eternity in view.



HYMN 37.

For the Close of the Year.

TIME by moments steals away,
 First the hour, and then the day ;
 Small the daily loss appears,
 Yet it soon amounts to years.

Thus another year is flown,
And is now no more our own ;
But each year, let none forget,
Finds and leaves us deep in debt.

Favours from the Lord receiv'd,
Sins that have the Spirit griev'd,
Mark'd by God's unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand.

We have nothing, Lord, to pay ;
Take, oh take our guilt away ;
Self-condemn'd, on Thee we call,
Freely, Lord, forgive us all.

If we see another year,
May we spend it in thy fear ;
All its days devote to Thee,
Living for eternity.



HYMN 38.

For the Holy Communion.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And look on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
 I must remember Thee.
 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me !
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,
 Will I remember Thee.
 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt to thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.



HYMN 39.

For the Holy Communion.

O God, unseen, yet ever near,
 Thy presence may we feel,
 And thus, inspired with holy fear,
 Before thy table kneel.
 We come, obedient to thy word,
 To feast on heavenly food ;
 Our meat, the body of the Lord,
 Our drink, his precious blood.
 And at thy table while we kneel,
 And of this food partake ;
 Our pardon mercifully seal,
 For our Redeemer's sake.
 Jesus ! the virtue of thy blood
 To all our souls apply ;
 Grant that to Thee we henceforth live,
 Grant that to sin we die.

HYMN 40.

Baptism.

HEAVENLY Father! may thy love
Beam upon us from above;
Let this infant find a place
In thy covenant of grace!
Son of God, be with us here,
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let thy blood on Calvary spilt
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.
Holy Ghost, to thee we cry,
Thou this infant sanctify;
Thine Almighty power display,
Seal him to redemption's day.
Great Jehovah, Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Let the blessing come from thee,
Thine shall all the glory be.

HYMN 41.

Confirmation.

Look down, O Lord! and on our youth
Bestow thy gifts of heavenly grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Find in each heart a fruitful place.
Soon to appear before thy sight,
Their vow and promise to renew,
Prepare them for the solemn rite,
Bid each his heart and life review.

The cross that marked their infant brow,
 May it a fruitful emblem prove,
 That they shall keep that sacred vow,
 And walk as children of thy love.
 Thy sons and daughters may they be,
 Confirm'd and strengthen'd by thy grace;
 And, safe through life, preserv'd by thee,
 In heaven behold Thee face to face.



HYMN 42.

For a Funeral.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
 Is equal warning given;
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,
 Above us is the Heaven!
 Their names are graven on the stone,
 Their bones are in the clay;
 And ere another day is done,
 Ourselves may be as they.
 Death rides on every passing breeze,
 He lurks in every flower;
 Each season has its own disease,
 Its peril every hour!
 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,
 And Fate descend in sudden night
 On manhood's strongest day.
 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly towards the tomb,
 And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come?

Turn mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;
 Where'er thy foot can tread
 The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee of her dead !

Turn Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
 To truths divinely given ;
 The bones that underneath thee lie
 Shall live for Hell or Heaven !

HYMN 43.

For a Funeral.

OFF as the bell with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul ;
 Let each one ask himself, " Am I
 Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die ? "

Only this frail and fleeting breath
 Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
 Soon as it fails at once I'm gone,
 And plung'd into a world unknown.

Then leaving all I lov'd below,
 To God's tribunal I must go ;
 Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,
 And fix my everlasting state.

Lord Jesus ! help me now to flee,
 And seek my hope alone in Thee ;
 Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
 Subdue my sins, and in me live.

Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
 If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
 Nor would the thought distressing be,
 That p'rhaps it next may toll for me.

HYMN 44.

For a Public Charity.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
 All-powerful from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.

O may our sympathizing hearts
 That gen'rous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.

Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.

So Jesus look'd on dying men,
 When thron'd above the skies,
 And, in the bosom of his God,
 He felt compassion rise.

Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
 On wings of mercy flew;
 We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,
 Should love each other too.



HYMN 45.

For a Public Charity.

REMEMBER, man, thy birth,
 Set not on gold thy heart,
 Naked thou cam'st upon the earth,
 And naked must depart.

This world's vain wealth despise ;
 True riches are not here :
 Lift up to heav'n thy longing eyes,
 And seek thy treasure there.

Be wise to run thy race,
 And cast off ev'ry load ;
 Abound in every work of grace,
 Be rich toward thy God.

Give gladly to the poor,
 'Tis lending to the Lord,
 In secret to increase thy store,
 And gain a rich reward.

HYMN 46.

For a Public Charity.

HELP us, O Lord ! thy yoke to wear,
 Delighting in thy perfect will,
 Each other's burdens learn to bear,
 And thus thy law of love fulfil.

Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
 As Thou hast bless'd our various store,
 From our abundance to impart
 A liberal portion to the poor.

To Thee our all devoted be,
 In whom we breathe, and move, and live ;
 Freely we have received from Thee ;
 Freely may we rejoice to give.

And while we thus obey thy word,
 And every call of want relieve,
 Oh, may we find it, gracious Lord !
 More bless'd to give than to receive.

HYMN 47.

For Charity Schools.

THY throne, O God, in righteousness
 For ever shall endure ;
 We bow before it ; deign to bless
 The children of the poor.
 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
 Yet we thy goodness share ;
 Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
 The children of thy care.
 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God !
 Thy little flock behold ;
 And guide us by thy staff and rod,
 The children of thy fold.
 We praise thy name that we are brought
 To love thy holy place ;
 That we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
 The children of thy grace.
 O may our friends, thy servants here,
 Meet all our souls above ;
 And they and we in heaven appear,
 The children of thy love.



HYMN 48.

For Charity Schools.

FROM the first dawn of infant life
 Thy goodness we have shar'd ;
 And still we live to sing thy praise.
 By sov'reign mercy spar'd.

To seek thy grace—to do thy will,
 O Lord, our hearts incline ;
 And o'er the paths of future life
 Command thy light to shine.

While taught to read the Word of truth,
 May we that Word receive ;
 And when we hear of Jesu's name,
 In that bless'd name believe.

Let not our feet incline to tread
 Sin's broad destructive road ;
 But trace those holy paths which lead
 To glory, and to God.

HYMN 49.

For Charity Schools.

GREAT God ! with heart and tongue
 To Thee thy children pray ;
 O may we learn while we are young,
 To walk in wisdom's way !

Now in our early days,
 Teach us thy will to know ;
 O God, thy sanctifying grace
 On every heart bestow !

Make our defenceless youth
 The object of thy care ;
 Cause us to choose the way of truth,
 And fly from every snare.

Our hearts, to folly prone,
 Renew by power Divine ;
 Unite us to thyself alone,
 And make us wholly thine.

Lord, let thy sacred Word
 Our warmest thoughts employ ;
 There let us daily find the road
 Which leads to endless joy.



HYMN 50.

Christian Missions.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !
 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The Heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone !
 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With Wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny !
 Salvation ! oh, Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name !

Waft, waft ye winds, his story,
 And you ye waters roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !



HYMN 51.

Christian Missions.

O Spirit of the living God !
 In all the fulness of thy grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend upon our fallen race.

Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling word ;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
 Confusion, order, in thy path ;
 Souls without strength inspire with might ;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations far and nigh ;
 The triumphs of the cross record ;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every tongue shall call Him Lord.

HYMN 52.

Christian Missions.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

Thou who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Say now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

Spirit of truth and love!
Life-giving, holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

Blessed and holy Three!
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, love, and might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

HYMN 53.

Conversion of the Jews.

GREAT God of Abraham, hear our prayer,
 Let Abraham's seed thy mercy share ;
 O may they now, at length, return,
 And look on Him they pierced, and mourn.

Remember Jacob's flock of old ;
 Bring home the wand'ers to thy fold ;
 Remember, too, thy promised word,
 " Israel at last shall seek the Lord."

Though outcasts still, estranged from thee,
 Cut off from their own olive tree,
 Let them no longer such remain,
 But haste to graft them in again.

Lord, put thy law within their hearts,
 And write it in their inward parts ;
 The veil of darkness rend in two,
 Which hides Messiah from their view.

O haste the day foretold so long,
 When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng)
 One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
 And one Redeemer shall adore.

 HYMN 54.
For the Sovereign.

O KING of kings, thy blessing shed
 On our anointed Sov'reign's head ;
 And, looking from thy throne in heaven,
 Protect the crown thyself hast given.

Her, for thy sake, may we obey;
 Uphold her right, and love her sway;
 Remembering all the powers that be
 Are Ministers ordain'd by Thee.
 By her this favoured nation bless;
 To her wise counsels give success;
 In peace, in war, thine aid be seen;
 Confirm her strength; O save our Queen!
 And when all earthly thrones decay,
 And earthly glories fade away,
 Give her a nobler throne on high,
 A crown of immortality.

HYMN 55.

A Public Fast.

LORD! look on all assembled here,
 Who in thy presence stand,
 To offer up united prayer
 For this our sinful land.
 O may we all, with one consent,
 Fall low before thy throne,
 With tears the nation's sins lament,
 The Church's, and our own.
 Great God of hosts! deliverance bring;
 Guide those who rule the helm;
 Support the State, preserve the Queen,
 And spare the guilty realm.
 But should the dread decree be passed,
 And we must feel thy rod,
 May steadfast faith still hold us fast
 To our offended God.

Whate'er may be our destined case,
 Accept us in thy Son ;
 Give us thy gospel and thy grace—
 And then " thy will be done."

HYMN 56.

Public Thanksgiving.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nation's bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and He destroy !
 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay and form'd us men ;
 And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise !
 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love,
 Firm as thyself thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years have ceased to move !

HYMN 57.

Public Thanksgiving.

How rich thy gifts, Almighty King !
 From Thee our various comforts spring,
 Our peaceful homes, and genial skies,
 The blessings liberty bestows,
 The eternal joys the gospel shows—
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.

With grateful heart, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs,

His power and mercy we proclaim ;
Britons through every age shall own
Jehovah here has fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,

O still may God in Britain reign ;
Crown her just counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain.



HYMN 58.

For Harvest.

PRaise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.
Clouds that drop refreshing dews,
Suns that genial heart diffuse,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain.
All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her overflowing stores ;
These, great God, to Thee we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

HYMN 59.

For Harvest.

FOUNTAIN of Mercy ! God of Love !
How rich thy bounties are !
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, is thine ;
The plants in beauty grow ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft, refreshing dew.

These varied mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

Hymns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 60.

For God's blessing on the means of grace.

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine,
Demands the soul's collected powers ;
Gladly we now to Thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours ;
O may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to thy throne !

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly,
Where God resides appear no more :
All-seeing God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.
O may thy grace our bosoms move,
And fix our thoughts on things above.

Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart,
Then shall the day indeed be thine ;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 61.

The ways of providence mysterious.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

HYMN 62.

Gratitude for divine mercies.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 63.

Excellence of the holy scriptures.

FATHER of mercies ! in thy word,
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches beyond what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
Our first, our chief delight ;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light !

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
Be Thou for ever near :
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view our Saviour there.



HYMN 64.

The name of Jesus.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build;
 My shield and hiding place;
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see Thee as thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath,
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 65.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."

Thou art the Way! to Thee alone
 From sin and death we flee;
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek him, Lord, by Thee.
 Thou art the Truth! thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart;
 Thou only canst inform the mind,
 And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ! the rending tomb
 Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
 And they who put their trust in Thee,
 Nor death nor hell can harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life !
 Grant us that way to know,
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.



HYMN 66.

Christ our example in suffering.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
 Turn not from his griefs away,
 Learn of Him to watch and pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of life arraign'd ;
 O the wormwood and the gall !
 O the pangs his soul sustain'd !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
 There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete ;
 " It is finish'd ; " hear Him cry,
 Hear, and learn of Him to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;
 All is solitude and gloom,
 Who hath taken him away ?
 Christ is risen ! He meets our eyes !
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.



HYMN 67.

"As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near ;
 The Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

• Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
 But, though the conflict may be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
 For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see,
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

When call'd by him to bear the cross,
 Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress and poverty,
 Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

When death at length appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 • And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

HYMN 68.

Universal praise to the Creator and Redeemer.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise :
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.



HYMN 69.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !
 Lo such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.
 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.
 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within thy Father's shrine!
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
 Were all alike divine,

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.



HYMN 70.

"Lord, if Thou wilt Thou can'st make me clean."

LORD! whose love, in power excelling,
 Wash'd the leper's stain away,
 Jesus! from thy heavenly dwelling,
 Hear us, help us, when we pray.

From the filth of vice and folly,
 From infuriate passion's rage,
 Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,
 Heedless youth and selfish age;

From the lusts whose deep pollutions
 Adam's ancient taint disclose,
 From the Tempter's dark intrusions,
 Restless doubt, and blind repose;

From the miser's cursed treasure,
 From the drunkard's jest obscene,
 From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
 Jesus! Master! make us clean.

HYMN 71.

The sympathy of Christ.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 When days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
 Experienced every mortal pain :
 He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
 To flee the good I should pursue,
 Or do the sin I should not do ;
 Still He who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

And Oh ! when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
 My bed of death, for Thou hast died :
 Then point to realms of endless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.



HYMN 72.

Christ, the rock of ages ; the refuge of sinners.

Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure ;
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Merit I have none to bring,
 Only to thy cross I cling :
 Should my tears for ever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

HYMN 73.

The minister's office, strength and reward.

Pour down thy Spirit from on high ;
 Lord, thine appointed servants bless ;
 Thy promised power to each supply,
 And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
 Firmness and meekness from above,
 To bear thy people in their heart,
 And love the souls whom thou dost love :
 To watch, and pray, and never faint ;
 By day and night their guard to keep,
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Protect thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
 And, when their work is finished here,
 Let them in hope their charge resign ;
 Before the throne with joy appear,
 And there with endless glory shine.

HYMN 74.

The barren fig tree—warning to the unfruitful.

SEE in the vineyard of the Lord
 A barren fig-tree stand ;
 No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
 Though planted by his hand.

Yet mercy asks a short delay,
 “ O grant another year,
 Then, if the tiller's care be vain,
 No more the fig-tree spare.”

The truth is ours ! his gracious help
 The Spirit long hath given ;
 And strength, and light, and grace supplied,
 But where our fruit for heaven ?

O Lord, let mercy's plea prevail ;
 Still let thy grace be found ;
 Henceforth to thee may all our lives
 With holy fruits abound !



HYMN 75.

Prayer.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear ;
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
 We may, we must, draw near.

We perish if we cease from prayer ;
 O grant us power to pray ;
 And when to meet Thee we prepare,
 Lord, meet us by the way.

Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
 In weakness, want, and woe,
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Lord, whither shall we go?

God of all grace! we come to Thee,
 With broken, contrite hearts;
 Give, what thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward parts;

Faith in the only sacrifice
 That can for sin atone,
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
 On Christ—on Christ alone;

Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay;
 Courage our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust Thee, though Thou stay.

Give these; and then thy will be done:
 Thus strengthen'd with all might,
 We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

■ —
 HYMN 76.

"Thy will be done."

My God! my Father! while I stray
 Far from my home in life's rough way,
 Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still, and murmur not,
 But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,

“Thy will be done.”

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize—it ne’er was mine,—
 I only yield Thee what was thine;

“Thy will be done.”

Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 Still, Father! let me learn to say,

“Thy will be done.”

If but my fainting heart be blest
 With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God! to Thee I leave the rest,

“Thy will be done.”

Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,

“Thy will be done.”

HYMN 77.

Heaven the home of the Christian.

WHILE through this changing world we roam,
 From infancy to age,
 Heaven is the Christian pilgrim’s home,
 His rest at every stage.

Thither his raptur’d thought ascends,
 Eternal joys to share;
 There his adoring spirit bends,
 While here he kneels in prayer.

From earth his freed affections rise
 To fix on things above,
 Where all his hope of glory lies,
 And love is perfect love.

Oh! there may we our treasure place,
 There let our hearts be found,
 That still, where sin abounded, grace
 May more and more abound.

Henceforth our conversation be
 With Christ before the throne;
 Where soon, we eye to eye shall see,
 And know, as we are known.

HYMN 78.

*"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast
 perfected praise."*

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosannas to his name:
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But, as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill,
 We'll flock around his banner
 Who sits upon his throne,
 And cry aloud "Hosanna!"
 To David's royal Son.

For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No; while our hearts are tender,
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

HYMN 79.

The omniscience of God.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
 Strikes through the shades of night;
 And our most secret actions lie
 All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment day.

And all the crimes that we have done
 Will then be publish'd there;
 Be all expos'd before the Son,
 While men and angels hear.

Lord, at thy feet asham'd we lie,
 Upward we dare not look;
 Pardon our sins before we die,
 And blot them from thy book.

HYMN 80.

Comper's version of the 69th psalm.

God of my life, to Thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an advocate with Thee;
 They, whom the world caresses most,
 Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.



HYMN 81.

Addison's version of the 23rd psalm.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care,
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye.

When in the sultry plain I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary, wandering, steps He leads.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious, lonely, hills I stray,
 His bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile.

Tho' in the vale of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still.



HYMN 82.

Merrick's version of the 150th psalm.

PRAISE, O praise the name divine,
 Praise it at the hallowed shrine;
 Let the firmament on high
 To its Maker's praise reply.
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be thy glorious name adored.

Let his acts and power supreme
 To your songs afford a theme;
 Harp, and lute, and timbrel bring;
 Wake to life each tuneful string.
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be thy glorious name adored.

Let the cymbal's varied sound
 From the vaulted roof rebound ;
 Swell the organ ; to his praise
 All the pow'rs of music raise.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be thy glorious name adored.

All who vital breath enjoy,
 In his praise that breath employ,
 And in one great chorus join,
 Praise, O praise the name divine.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be thy glorious name adored.

HYMN 83.

Introductory Hymn.

BENEATH this consecrated roof again,
 Father of heaven, we hymn the pious strain,
 And give, obedient to thy kind decree,
 This sacred day to holiness and Thee.

At rest from labour, and releas'd from care,
 We bow in penitence, and melt in prayer ;
 For every past offence, or thought, or done,
 Father, forgive us, for thy dying Son.

When on the week with sins unnumber'd
 fraught,
 We back repentant turn our troubl'd thought,
 Cheer us, O Spirit, as yon orb of light
 Rose gladsome on the world and chas'd the night.

Come, Holy Ghost, come, Comforter divine,
 Descending sanctify this solemn Shrine ;
 Raise the weak frame, the languid thought
 inspire,
 And touch our grateful lips with heavenly fire.

HYMN 84.

At the close of Evening service.

SOON will the evening star, with silver ray,
 Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day,
 Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,
 The rites that holiness and heaven ordain.

Still let each awful truth our thoughts engage,
 That shines reveal'd on inspiration's page ;
 Nor those blest hours in vain amusement waste
 Which all who lavish shall lament at last.

Here humbly let us hope our Maker's smile
 Will crown with meet success our weekly toil ;
 And here, on each returning Sabbath, join
 In prayer, in penitence, and praise divine.

Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
 Whose power defends us, and whose precepts
 guide ;

In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
 Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end !



HYMN 85.

At the close of Evening service.

HOLIEST ! breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
 Thou art He, who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us
 Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
 Redeem thy mispent moments past,
 And live this day as if thy last ;
 Thy talents to improve take care,
 For the great day thyself prepare.
 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
 For God's all-seeing eye surveys
 Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.
 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.
 Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
 Praise God, from whom, &c.

EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That, with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at the Judgment-day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with soft sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep which shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
Nor powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

HYMN 86.

Dismission.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.



SANCTUS.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts!
 Heaven and Earth are full of thy Glory:
 Glory be to Thee, O Lord, most high!



DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host!
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

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